



# VAMPI

LAU  
CONWAY  
UDON



UDON





# VAMPI

## SERPENT'S KISS

### PART THREE

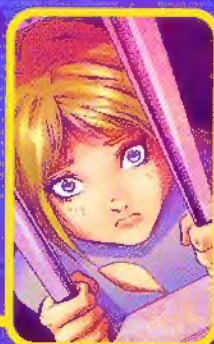
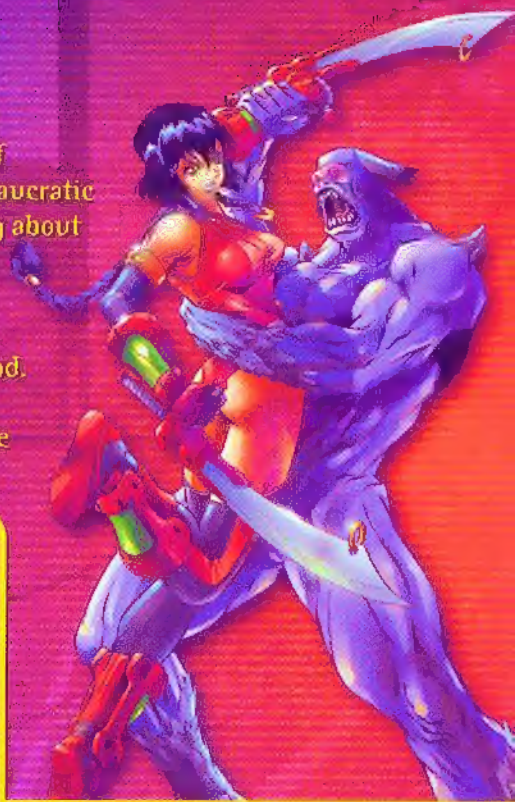
DAVID CONWAY STORY  
KEVIN LAU, ERIC VEDDER, ALAN TAM ART  
UDON'S JEN CHAN & CALVIN LO COLORS  
MICHAEL CONLEY LETTERS  
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# WHAT HAS COME BEFORE

Attempting to strive for a better life, Vampi finds herself confronting more of the same: unfathomable evil, bureaucratic horrors, and people in dire need of help. And something about Vampi just can't let herself not help.

Face to face with a lizard beast, Vampi fights for her life. A bitter struggle ensues and even her best shot is no good. The creature should have fallen by her hand and blade, but it takes the technological advances of her motorcycle to land the final blow.

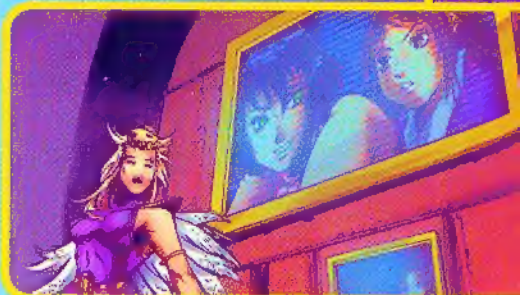
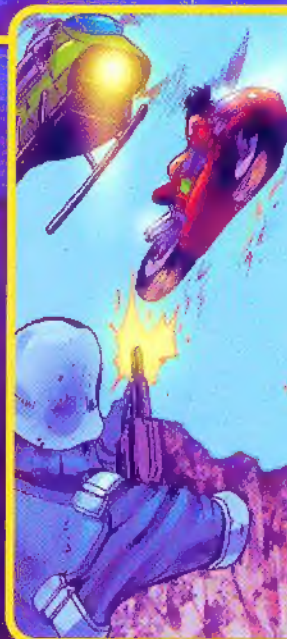


Young Connie explains the mutants that run through the land. Legends explain them away but, Connie says, there's more to it than just that.

In fact, at the local seat of power, the Valusians bend the people to their will. And their will is bloody. All those who choose to oppose them, fall and die.

Vampi, though, piques the interest of this warlord and his lady. They send a welcoming committee for her. A heavily armored welcoming committee.

She makes short order of the soliders, only to now consider the people who sent them after her. And so, she heads to the city to meet the Valusians, the golden children of Mexico City.





MEXICO CITY,  
DAY OF THE DEAD.

IT'S PARTY TIME-- AS MUCH  
A CELEBRATION OF THE  
ECONOMIC MIRACLE THAT HAS  
TRANSFORMED THE CITY AS IT  
IS A TRADITIONAL HOLIDAY.

TONIGHT, THE PEOPLE  
CREDITED WITH THAT  
TRANSFORMATION ARE  
HOSTING THE EVENT OF  
THE SOCIAL CALENDAR.

EVERYONE WHO'S  
ANYONE IS HERE.

STRICTLY  
INVITATION ONLY.

THERE'S ENOUGH  
SECURITY TO HOLD OFF  
AN INVADING ARMY OF  
GATECRASHERS.

LUCKILY, I'VE GOT AN  
INVITE-- AFTER ALL, A  
VAMPIRE CAN'T CROSS  
ANY THRESHOLD  
WITHOUT ONE.

PURE SUPERSTITION, OF COURSE--  
AND I'VE NEVER REALLY BEEN  
A STICKLER FOR TRADITION.

SO HOW DID I MANAGE TO  
WRANGLE A PLACE ON THE  
GUEST LIST AND PICK UP A  
COSTUME AT THE LAST MINUTE?

SORRY,  
CINDERELLA--



BUT TONIGHT  
IT'S MY TURN TO  
GO TO THE BALL.

WELCOME!





WELCOME  
TO THE FEAST  
OF DEATH.

A TIME  
WHEN WE CELEBRATE  
PAST ACHIEVEMENT AND  
ANTICIPATE FUTURE TRIUMPHS.  
WE GREET YOU ALL  
IN FRIENDSHIP.

THE HOST AND HOSTESS  
WITH THE MOSTEST, MEXICO  
CITY'S MR AND MRS  
ELDORADO: AURELIUS  
AND AURORA VALUSIAN.

GENEROUS -  
IF A LITTLE  
OVER-THE-TOP.

ACCORDING TO CONNIE,  
THEY'RE GUILTY OF  
MORE THAN JUST THE  
ODD LAPSE IN TASTE.

BUT MAYBE THEIR HIRED GOONS ARE  
JUST TRIGGER HAPPY. 'CAUSE THEY  
DON'T STRIKE ME AS THE MONSTERS  
SHE MADE THEM OUT TO BE.

STILL, IT'S KINDA FUN  
TO SEE HOW THE  
OTHER HALF LIVES.

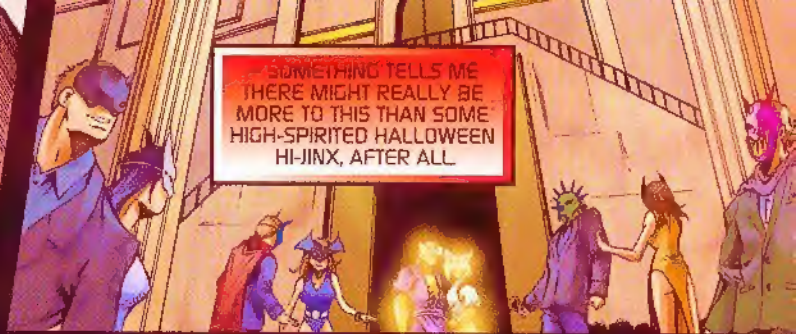
THOUGH IT'S  
NOT EXACTLY  
MY SCENE...

BUT VINTAGE CHAMPAGNE  
IS ONE TASTE I COULD  
DEFINITELY ACQUIRE.

LADIES AND  
GENTLEMEN,  
YOUR ATTENTION  
PLEASE --

HMMM,  
WHAT NOW--?









TONIGHT  
WE STAND ON  
THE THRESHOLD  
OF MOMENTOUS  
EVENTS.

THE FACTORIES  
HAVE MET THEIR QUOTAS  
AND WE ARE ON SCHEDULE  
FOR PHASE TWO OF  
THE AGENDA.

SOON WE  
WILL DISCARD ALL  
THAT IS OLD, TIRED AND  
OBSOLETE, LIKE A SNAKE  
SLOUGHING OFF THE  
DESICCATED HUSK OF  
ITS DEAD SKIN.

AND WE SHALL  
EMERGE TRIUMPHANT TO  
BASK IN THE FIFTH SUN, AS  
PREDICTED BY THE MAYANS:  
THE AGE OF THE SERPENT GODS  
TO WHOM THIS SHRINE WAS  
BUILT AND CONSECRATED  
IN BLOOD.

GO ON,  
DOMINGO-- ENJOY  
YOURSELF.

HOW CAN  
WE TELL THE  
INNOCENT FROM THE  
GUILTY?

WE BEGIN BY  
WELCOMING A NEW  
INITIATE -- SENOR DE  
GUZMAN -- TO FEAST  
AT THE TABLE OF  
THE GODS.

ER, TH-  
THANK YOU,  
AURELIUS.

THE RUTHLESS  
DISPOSAL OF ANARCHISTS  
AND SUBVERSIVES IS, OF  
COURSE, A NECESSARY EVIL,  
BUT I HAVE TO ASK...

TO QUOTE  
THE FOUNDER OF THE  
DOMINICAN ORDER WHICH  
ADMINISTERED THE HOLY  
INQUISITION...

"KILL THEM  
ALL, THE ALMIGHTY  
WILL RECOGNIZE  
HIS OWN!"





BUT IF YOUR  
DUBIOUS MORALITY STILL  
BAULKS AT SHEDDING  
"INNOCENT" BLOOD--



-- WE HAVE A GUEST  
WHOSE ENTHUSIASM FOR  
BLOODSHED SHOULD HELP  
OVERCOME EVEN YOUR  
SQUEAMISHNESS.

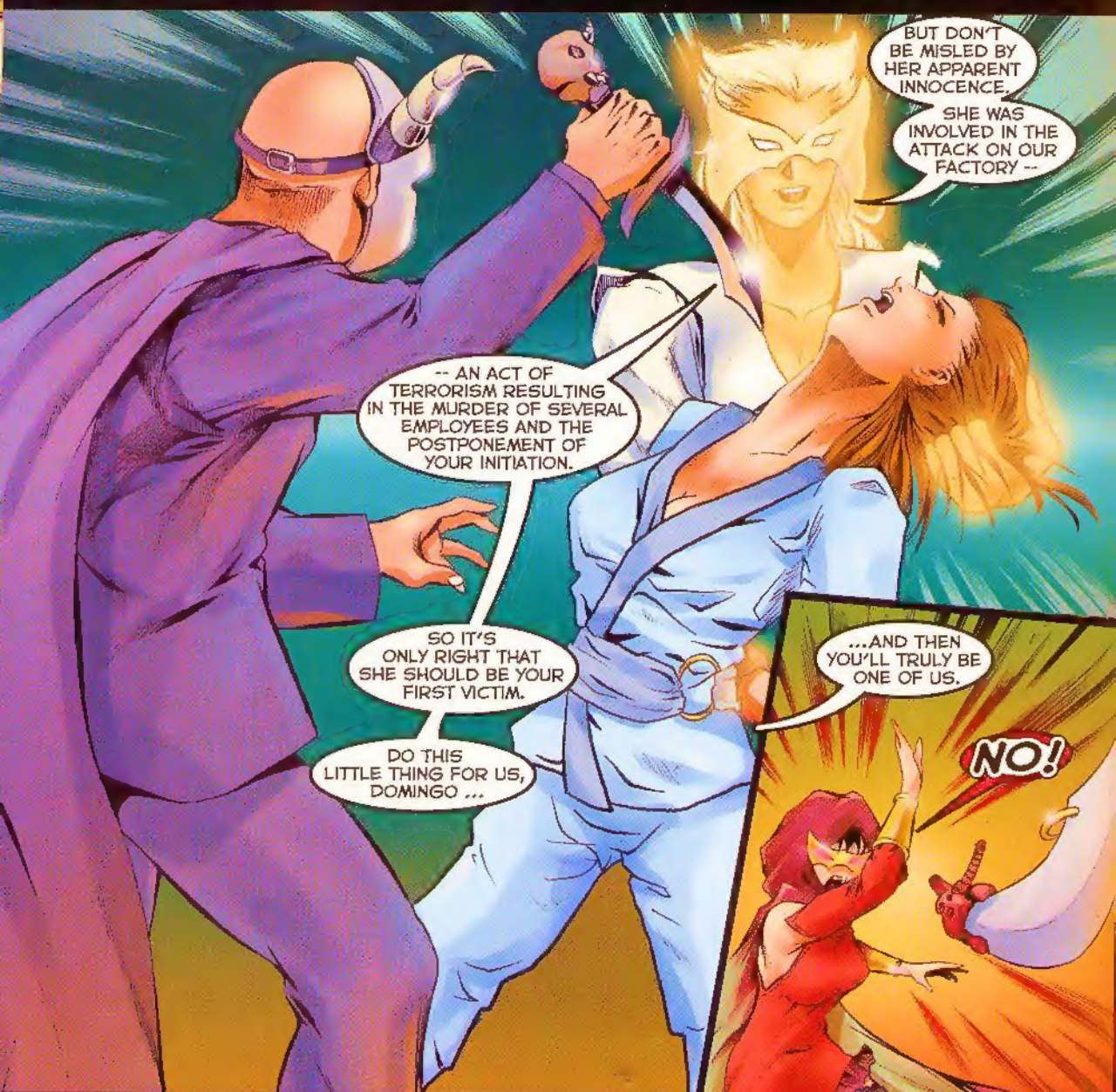
OH CRAP.

CONNIE! DAMN IT,  
I TOLD HER TO  
STAY OUT OF THIS.



RATHER  
SWEET, DON'T  
YOU THINK?

A ROUTINE  
SECURITY SWEEP PICKED  
HER UP LOITERING ABOUT  
THE PERIMETER.



BUT DON'T  
BE MISLED BY  
HER APPARENT  
INNOCENCE.

SHE WAS  
INVOLVED IN THE  
ATTACK ON OUR  
FACTORY --

-- AN ACT OF  
TERRORISM RESULTING  
IN THE MURDER OF SEVERAL  
EMPLOYEES AND THE  
POSTPONEMENT OF  
YOUR INITIATION.

SO IT'S  
ONLY RIGHT THAT  
SHE SHOULD BE YOUR  
FIRST VICTIM.

DO THIS  
LITTLE THING FOR US,  
DOMINGO ...

...AND THEN  
YOU'LL TRULY BE  
ONE OF US.



NO!





INNOCENT  
OR GUILTY...



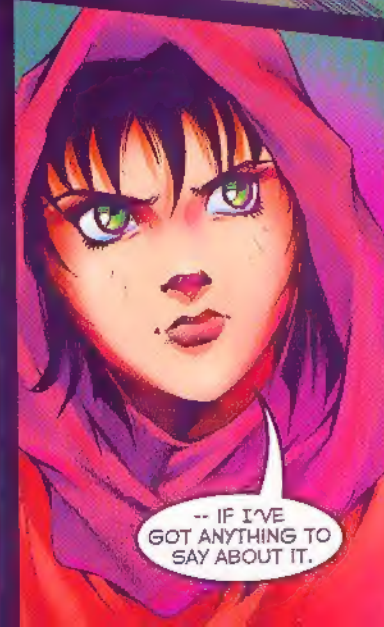
IT MAKES  
NO DIFFERENCE  
TO ME.



BLOOD  
IS BLOOD.



AND NONE IS  
GETTING SPILLED  
HERE...



-- IF I'VE  
GOT ANYTHING TO  
SAY ABOUT IT.





BRAVO.

YOU'VE  
QUITE A FLAIR FOR  
ENTRANCES-- I'D SUGGEST  
A CAREER IN SHOW  
BUSINESS...

-- IF YOU  
WEREN'T ALREADY  
TAKING YOUR FINAL  
CURTAIN CALL.



ENJOY  
THE FLOORSHOW,  
AURELIUS...



-- BECAUSE AFTER  
TONIGHT'S PERFORMANCE  
YOU'LL BE ENTERTAINING  
YOURSELF IN MAXIMUM SECURITY  
FOR THE REST OF YOUR  
SORRY LIFE.



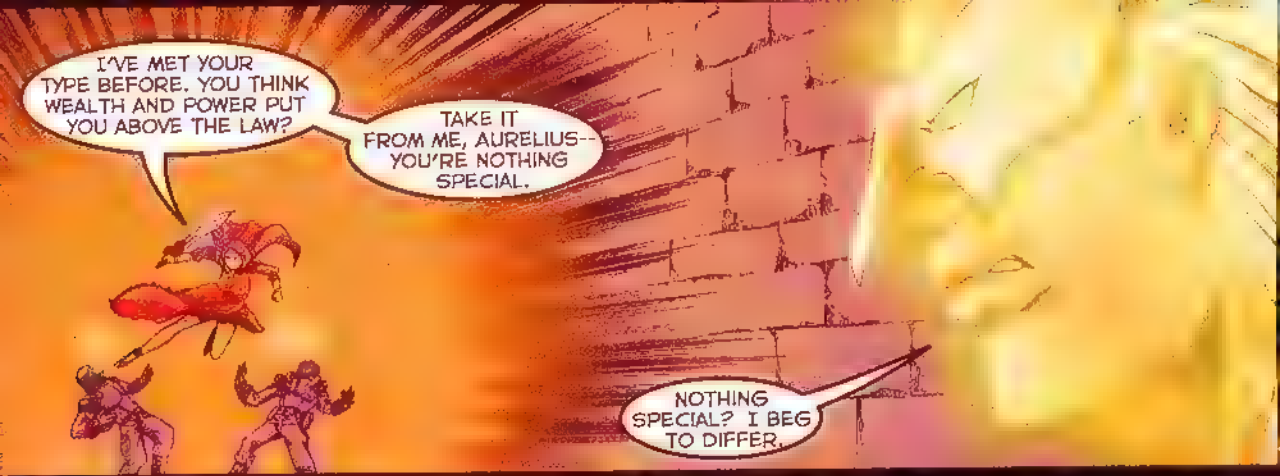
ALONG WITH  
THESE CREEPS AND THE  
REST OF YOUR SICK LITTLE  
COUNTRY CLUB.



OH, SO YOU  
INTEND TO BRING US  
ALL TO "JUSTICE" LIKE  
A REAL SUPERHERO?  
HOW QUAIN.

I'M SURE  
THAT THE INTERIOR  
MINISTER HERE WILL  
HAVE SOMETHING TO  
SAY ABOUT THAT.

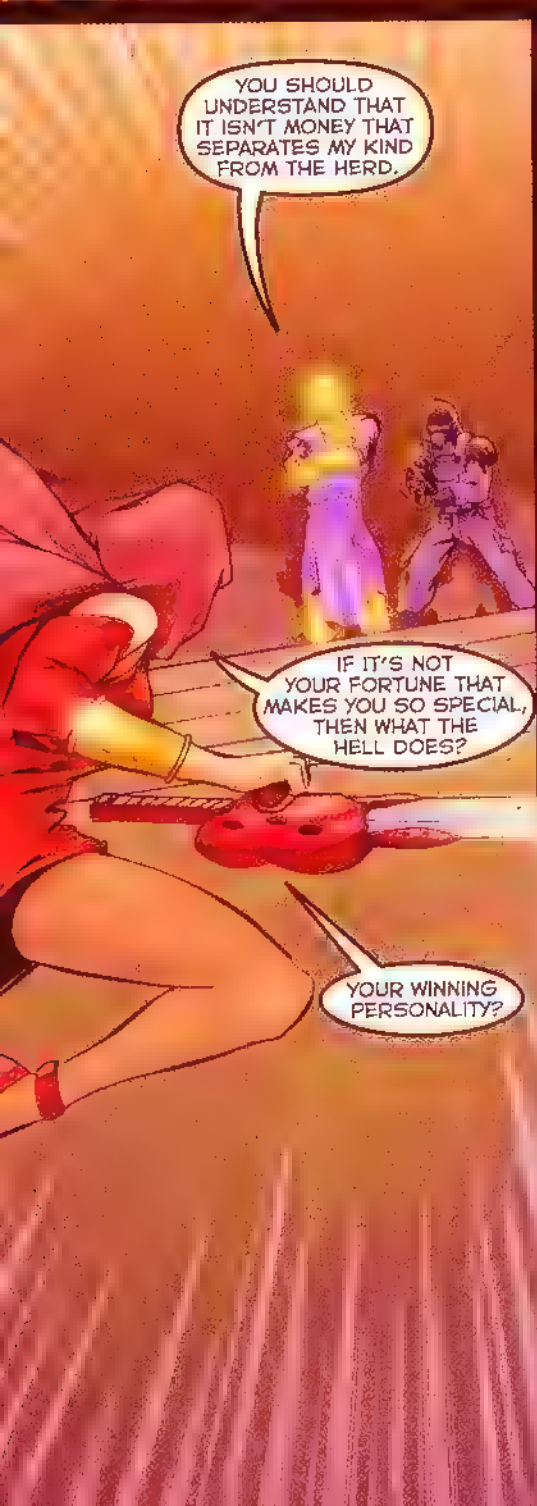




I'VE MET YOUR TYPE BEFORE. YOU THINK WEALTH AND POWER PUT YOU ABOVE THE LAW?

TAKE IT FROM ME, AURELIUS-- YOU'RE NOTHING SPECIAL.

NOTHING SPECIAL? I BEG TO DIFFER.




YOU SHOULD UNDERSTAND THAT IT ISN'T MONEY THAT SEPARATES MY KIND FROM THE HERD.

IF IT'S NOT YOUR FORTUNE THAT MAKES YOU SO SPECIAL, THEN WHAT THE HELL DOES?

YOUR WINNING PERSONALITY?



YOU SURPRISE ME.



I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU WOULD KNOW THAT ONLY ONE THING DIFFERENTIATES THE SUPERIOR FROM THE INFERIOR BEING...



BLOOD!





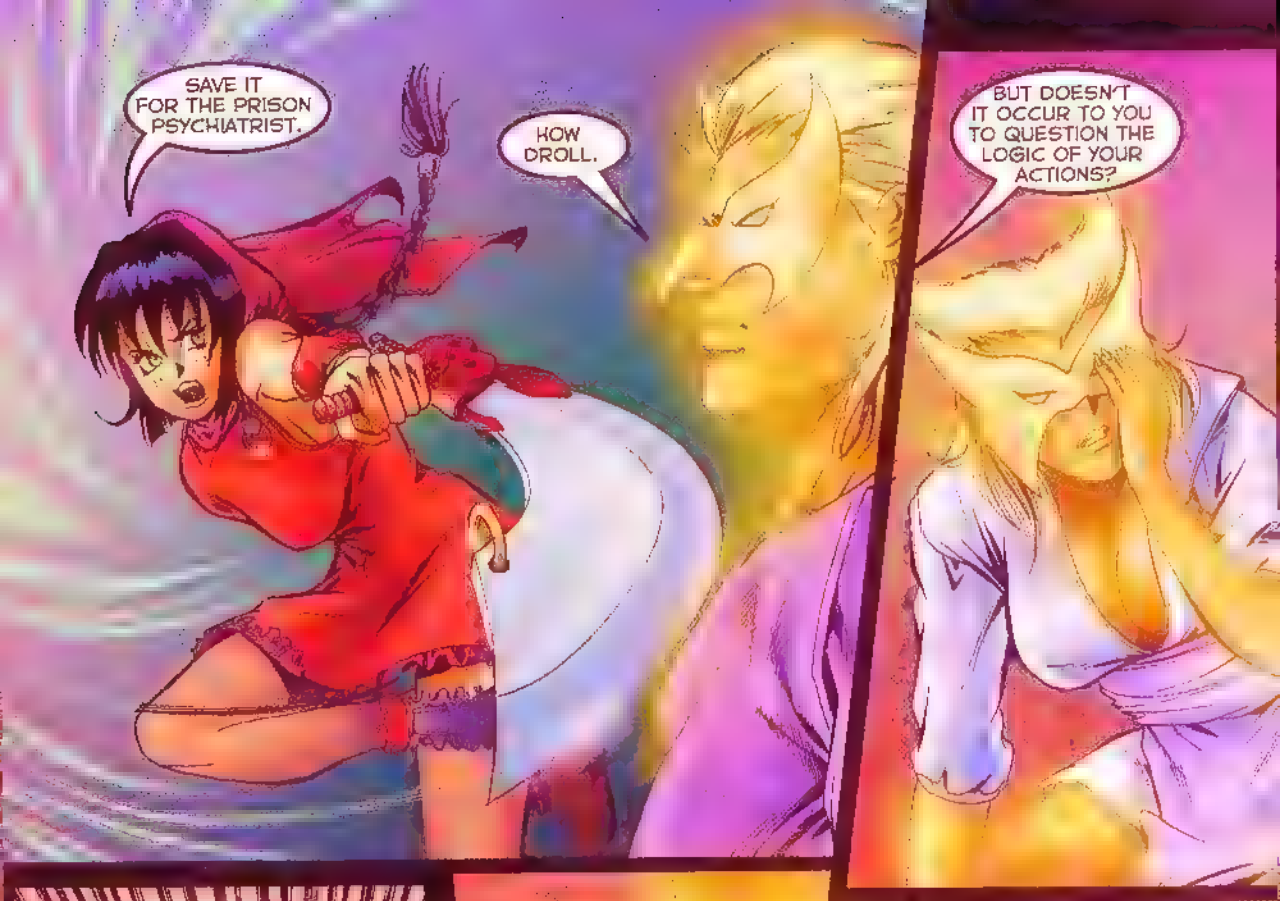
HUMANS ARE  
SIMPLY LIVESTOCK.  
THEY EXIST TO  
SERVE US.

IN DEATH  
AS WELL AS  
IN LIFE.

NICE SPEECH,  
AURELIUS.

BUT  
TAKE MY  
ADVICE...

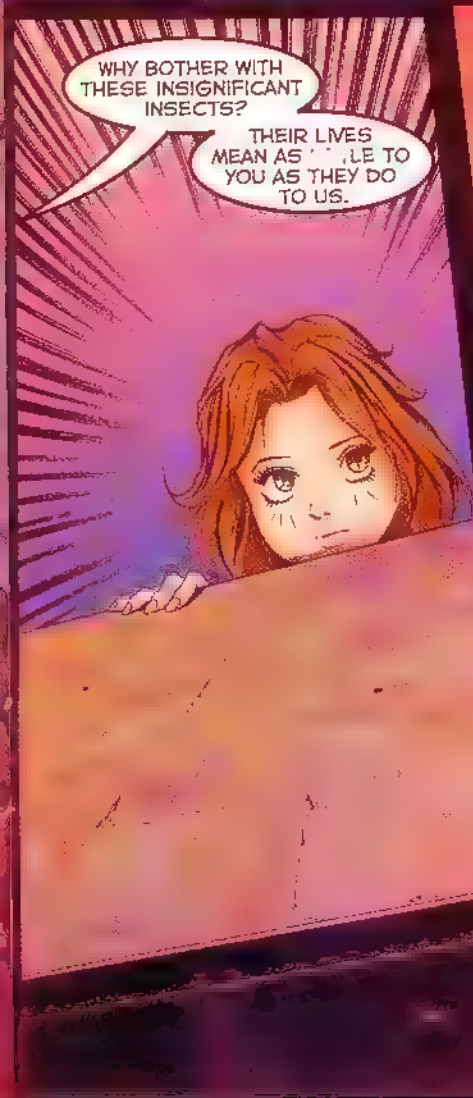




SAVE IT  
FOR THE PRISON  
PSYCHIATRIST.

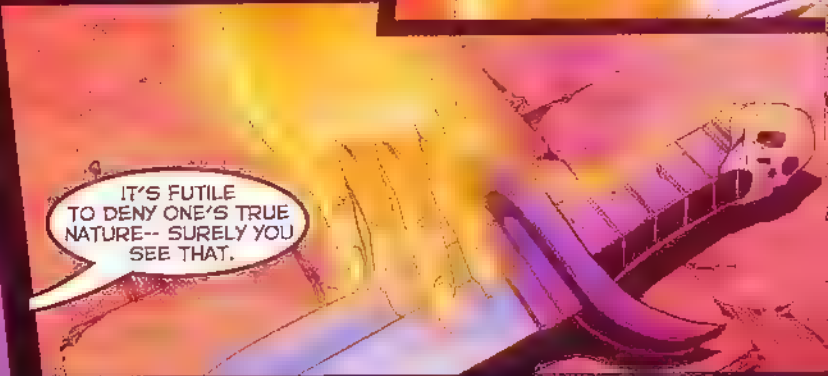
HOW  
DROLL.

BUT DOESN'T  
IT OCCUR TO YOU  
TO QUESTION THE  
LOGIC OF YOUR  
ACTIONS?



WHY BOTHER WITH  
THESE INSIGNIFICANT  
INSECTS?

THEIR LIVES  
MEAN AS MUCH TO  
YOU AS THEY DO  
TO US.



IT'S FUTILE  
TO DENY ONE'S TRUE  
NATURE-- SURELY YOU  
SEE THAT.



SHE'S EITHER TOO  
RIDICULOUSLY STUBBORN--  
OR TOO INCREDIBLY STUPID TO  
APPRECIATE THE NICETIES  
OF THEORY, I FEAR.





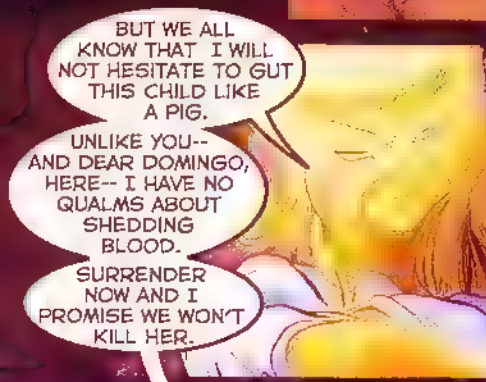
PERHAPS A DEMONSTRATION WILL HELP HER GET THE POINT.



I'D SAY WE'VE FACING DOWN THE ORIGINAL MEXICAN STAND-OFF HERE.

YOU SOUND BOTH TRITE AND DESPERATE, DARLING.

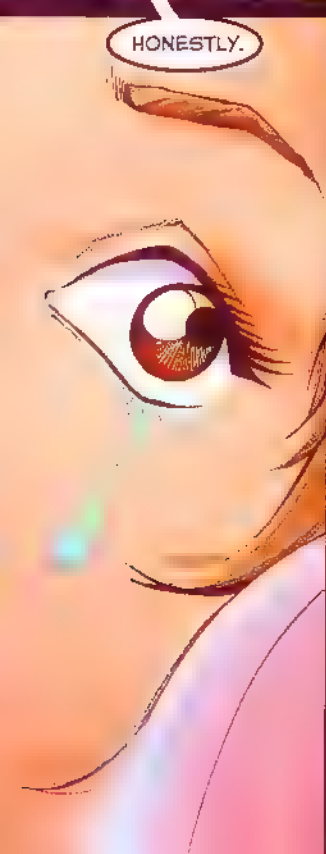
DON'T MAKE THREATS YOU'RE NOT PREPARED TO CARRY OUT.



BUT WE ALL KNOW THAT I WILL NOT HESITATE TO GUT THIS CHILD LIKE A PIG.

UNLIKE YOU-- AND DEAR DOMINGO, HERE-- I HAVE NO QUALMS ABOUT SHEDDING BLOOD.

SURRENDER NOW AND I PROMISE WE WON'T KILL HER.



HONESTLY.



OKAY. JUST-- JUST DON'T HURT HER, RIGHT.

ON MY WORD AS A GENTLEMAN, I GUARANTEE YOU THAT NEITHER I NOR MY LOVELY WIFE WILL HARM A SINGLE HAIR ON HER HEAD.

INTERESTING DISGUISE -- INSPIRED BY THE "MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH," YES? WHAT COULD BE MORE APPROPRIATE?

BECAUSE I'VE AN IDEA THAT SHOULD AMUSE YOU NO END--








THE PIT --

-- AND THE PENDULUM.



A GENUINE  
16TH CENTURY TORTURE  
CHAMBER BUILT BY THE  
OFFICERS OF THE HOLY  
INQUISITION--

--IN THE VERY  
HEART OF THIS TEMPLE  
DEDICATED TO THE WORSHIP  
OF THE FEATHERED SERPENT,  
QUETZALCOATL.

IT WAS HERE  
THAT THEY PUT THE  
AZTECS TO THE  
QUESTION--

-- MAIMING AND  
MURDERING IN THE NAME OF  
A DEAD GOD AS GREEDY  
FOR SOULS --

--AS THE  
CONQUISTADORS  
AND THEIR KING WERE  
HUNGRY FOR GOLD.

CONSIDERING  
YOUR LACKLUSTER  
PERFORMANCE TONIGHT,  
DOMINGO, YOU MIGHT LEARN  
SOMETHING FROM THEIR  
DEDICATION.

SAVE  
THE HISTORY  
LESSON.

WHAT'VE  
YOU DONE WITH  
CONNIE?



WHERE IS SHE?!

STILL WORRIED ABOUT YOUR LITTLE FRIEND?

HERE SHE IS-- SAFE AND SOUND. SINCE IT'S A HOLIDAY--

-- I THINK A LITTLE ENTERTAINMENT IS CALLED FOR BEFORE WE GET DOWN TO THE MORE SERIOUS BUSINESS AT HAND

SHE'S JUST A KID-- SHE'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS!

OH REALLY, YOU NEED TO GET MORE FUN OUT OF LIFE, DEAR.

IF YOU JUST LEARNED TO RELAX, YOU MIGHT ACTUALLY ENJOY THIS--

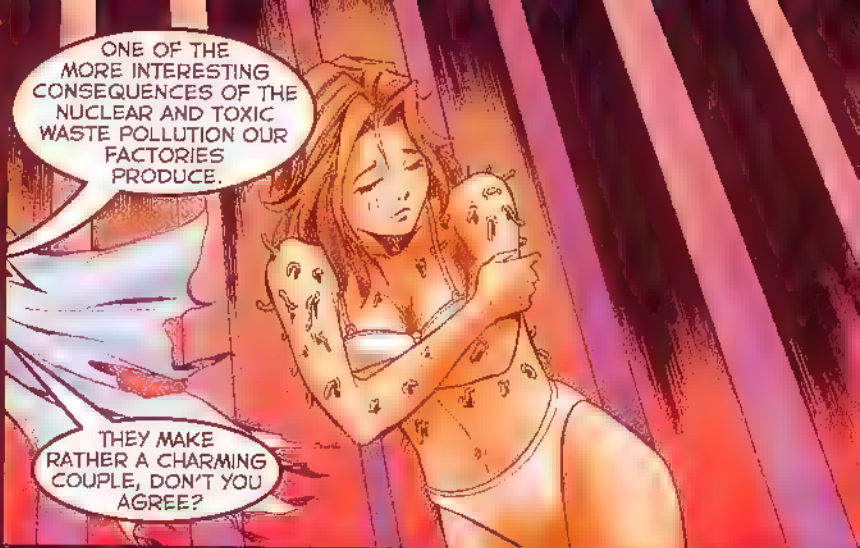
-- A LITTLE RE-ENACTMENT OF THE CLASSIC FAIRYTALE.

BEAUTY--



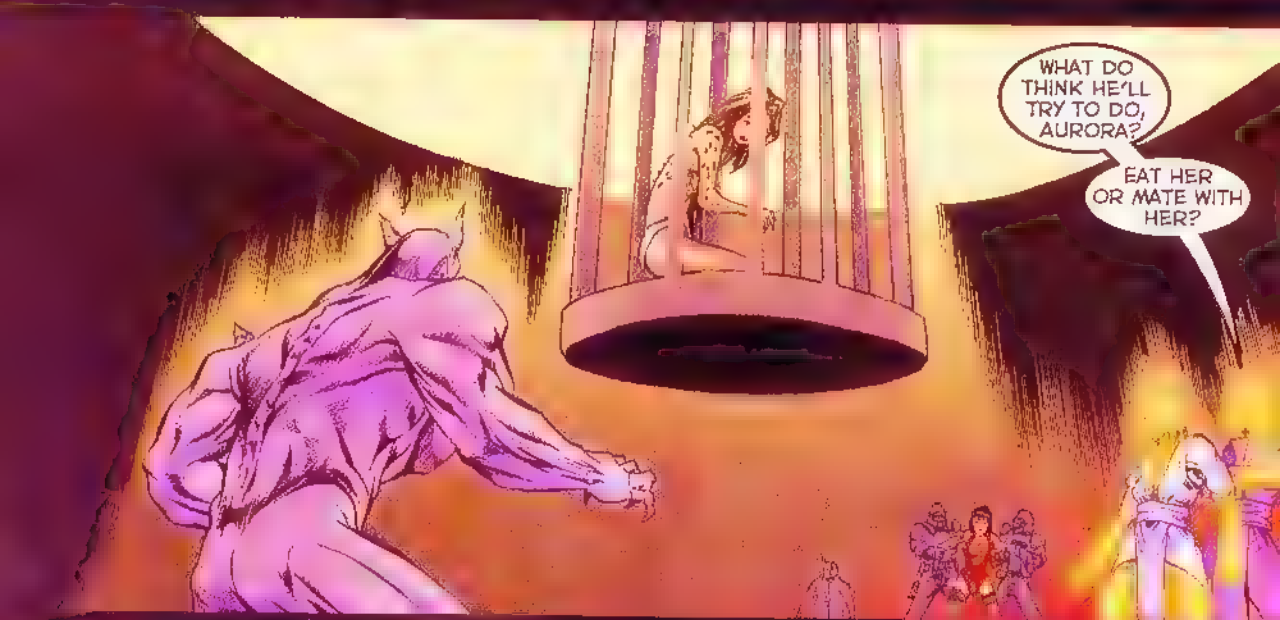


DISGUSTING,  
ISN'T SHE?



ONE OF THE  
MORE INTERESTING  
CONSEQUENCES OF THE  
NUCLEAR AND TOXIC  
WASTE POLLUTION OUR  
FACTORIES  
PRODUCE.

THEY MAKE  
RATHER A CHARMING  
COUPLE, DON'T YOU  
AGREE?



WHAT DO  
THINK HE'LL  
TRY TO DO,  
AURORA?

EAT HER  
OR MATE WITH  
HER?



BOTH  
PROBABLY--  
THOUGH IN WHICH  
ORDER IS ANYBODY'S  
GUESS.

YOU BASTARDS!  
YOU SAID YOU'D LET HER  
GO-- THAT YOU WOULDN'T  
HARM A HAIR ON  
HER HEAD.

OH NO,  
DARLING, WE  
NEVER SAID WE'D  
FREE HER.

WE  
PROMISED WE  
WOULDN'T HURT  
HER.



BUT WE CAN  
SCARCELY MAKE  
THE SAME PROMISE  
ON HIS BEHALF.

UNLESS, OF  
COURSE, YOU'RE  
WILLING TO ACCEPT  
A CHALLENGE--





IT'S A  
SIMPLE  
PROPOSITION:  
A DUEL TO  
DEATH.

IF YOU CAN  
KILL US, YOU AND  
YOUR LITTLE  
MALFORMED FRIEND  
GO FREE.



IT'LL BE A  
PLEASURE TO KICK  
BOTH YOUR SORRY  
ASSES.



BUT I DON'T  
HAVE TO KILL YOU  
TO DEFEAT YOU.

OH PLEASE,  
YOU'RE FOOLING  
NOBODY BUT  
YOURSELF.

THE ONLY  
WAY YOU'LL SURVIVE  
THIS IS TO ACKNOWLEDGE  
THE FACT THAT WE ARE  
EXACTLY ALIKE.

OTHERWISE  
YOU'LL DIE.



WHICH  
MEANS WE WIN--  
EITHER WAY.

YOU'RE THE  
ONE THAT'S KIDDING  
YOURSELF.



WE'RE  
NOTHING  
ALIKE.

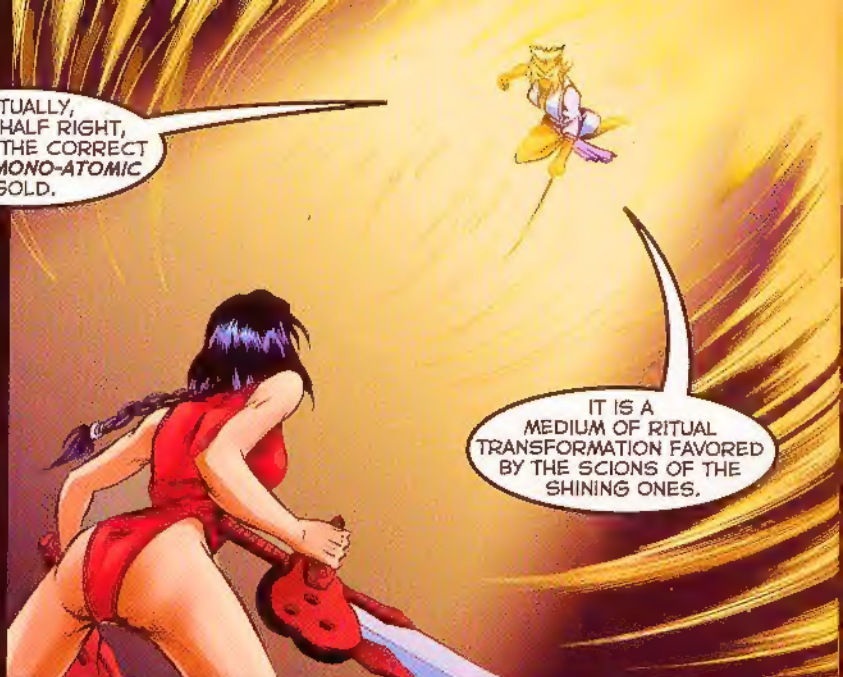
AND DESPITE  
ALL YOUR BIG TALK,  
YOU'RE REALLY  
NOT ALL THAT,  
ARE YOU?





OR SHOULD  
I SAY 'ALL THAT  
GLISTENS IS NOT  
GOLD'?

ACTUALLY,  
YOU'RE HALF RIGHT,  
DARLING. THE CORRECT  
TERM IS *MONO-ATOMIC*  
GOLD.



IT IS A  
MEDIUM OF RITUAL  
TRANSFORMATION FAVORED  
BY THE SCIONS OF THE  
SHINING ONES.



OF COURSE,  
THE RITES THEMSELVES  
WERE SPECTACULARLY  
VIOLENT.

THEY  
HAD TO BE--



-- IN ORDER TO  
OBTAIN THE BLOOD THAT,  
ONCE COMBINED WITH  
MONO-ATOMIC  
GOLD--



-- CONSTITUTES  
THE TRUE CATALYST OF  
TRANSFORMATION.



WHAT ARE  
YOU TALKING  
ABOUT?





YOU HAVE  
ALREADY REMOVED  
YOUR MASK.



IT'S TIME  
WE DID THE  
SAME.



WE'VE SEEN  
ALL OUR GUESTS--  
THE INVITED...



... AND THE  
UNINVITED...




... IN  
THEIR TRUE  
COLORS.



NOW YOU  
SEE US IN  
OURS.





THE  
MASQUERADE  
IS OVER.

TO BE  
CONTINUED